

Sequachee Valley News-Banner.

VOL. VI.

SEQUACHEE AND SOUTH PITTSBURG, TENN., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1898.

NO. 16.

SEQUACHEE VALLEY NEWS-BANNER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Sequachee and South Pittsburg, Tennessee.

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

What makes the little gentleman?
Not station, high or low,
Not manners, nor a sunny smile
On cheeks where roses glow.
A goodly outside charms the sight;
But tell me, if you can,
What is it that at once proclaims
The little gentleman?
It surely cannot be the dress,
Nor is it wit or birth;
These never represented yet
The soul's undying worth.
Nor is it fair or courtly speech;
Not since the world began
Has this announced to anyone
The little gentleman.
What is it, then, my rosy lad—
Politeness, gentle words?
These are as natural to some
As singing is to birds.
But there is something greater far
In God's eternal plan,
By which the heart may always know
The little gentleman.
Respect and reverence for age;
A truthful loyalty
To mother, father, and to friends,
No matter what may be;
The heart's ideal fixed on high,
Beyond all earthly ban;
The courage to do right—these make
The little gentleman!
—George Cooper, in S. S. Times.



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CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

She hesitated a moment—then she said:

"Send cipher dispatch at once to G. G. at St. Louis, to M. M. at Chicago and C. C. at Davenport. Four thousand guns at Leavenworth left unprotected by a withdrawal of troops; Kansas City on the first at nine o'clock a. m.; impress G. G. with swiftness; twelve hundred men here now; can hold everything; get answer from G. G. at once; watch Memphis papers for movements of gunboat."

Here the young woman made another pause. In his impatience, Calico got up impulsively and strode about the little room. He was shut up helplessly in a living tomb and events, in what now seemed like another world, were hurrying on to some kind of disaster. He calmed himself by a powerful mental effort. "Well," he said, "what do you see now?"

"They are close together at the instrument. They are sending a dispatch." After some delay, there was evidently an answer received from Hendricks, for the girl began again, slowly reading from the written page what appeared to be instructions. Very little of it was intelligible to Calico, but blind as it was he tried to impress it upon his memory for after reflection.

He heard her saying: "Will take gunboat and seize arms; council here on the 25th; make all instructions conform to that date."

Day after day, as the girl revealed in broken sentences the communications that were made from the cave to the cottage, the bulk of the information began to arrange itself in his mind around certain well-defined points.

The conspiracy, he now saw, extended over the whole United States! It had taken in men in official positions. Its agents were in the government employ, in the railway service and in the telegraph offices. It must have vast forces all ready to mass and the brain of the movement was hidden away safely underground. As the magnitude and method of the plan were slowly comprehended, he asked himself: What is the government doing? Can it be possible that the world has not yet discovered the two exits to this stronghold?—and then he tried to forecast the result when the exits were discovered.

Hendricks cannot be dislodged, he said, even by engineers, who would have to tunnel a mountain. He can only be sealed up and starved to death, and in any such attempt what unknown exits may he not have. He recalled the mysterious magazine in the southwestern wall of the rotunda with its wooden doors and its sign of danger. Was this a magazine? Might not that impression have been created to keep secret an unknown exit until an emergency occurred? He had heard Laport speak of the magazine. He would talk to the old man about it.

His imagination pictured a long chasm leading to some unsuspected region of country with its exit hidden in the mountains. He foresaw in his fancy a besieging army encamping over a mine or fallen upon by a sudden force that sprang up as if by magic in its rear—and then disappeared, and he began to ask himself if this conspiracy had not gathered into its ranks most of the malign forces of civilization which under the names of nihilism and anarchy seek mainly to destroy.

Intolerable as these reflections were to a man compelled to see the progress of all this diabolism and prevented from raising a warning cry or lifting a finger, there were other considerations that were even more poignant. Here was an innocent and intelligent girl who, with her father, would be involved in the inevitable catastrophe

or thrown into the hands of Fenning, and Calico had grown to have a profound sympathy for her. Lieut. Stocking, as he well knew, had with his impulsive temperament developed a still stronger interest in her, and Stocking by his very nature could not be depended on to assist him.

In turning over these perplexities in his mind he was aware of an undisturbed conviction hiding away in his nature, that the normal intelligence and moral force ought in some way to be able to circumvent all this mischief. But how?

Some kind of a vague scheme of escape for Stocking and Miss Laport, through what he conceived to be the secret exit of the magazine, shaped itself in his mind, and then he got hold of Laport one day after conferring with the old man's daughter. The three were eating their breakfast together when Calico approached the subject of the magazine guardedly, with the one purpose of finding out, if possible, what Laport knew about it. To his astonishment he knew all about it. He had surveyed it. It was an enormous pocket in the southwest wall of the rotunda, its mouth facing the northeastern direction of the cave, and it had no other outlet. Calico felt his vague hopes all vanish as he heard this, but Laport went on talking unsuspiciously. "It is," said he, "a perilous piece of business and I told Hendricks so at the start, but he never could see it in that light. He has an enormous amount of powder, fixed ammunition and other explosives stored there. There must be a hundred thousand pounds. I believe he has some kind of a notion that he might have to blow his way out of the cave at some time, but he never can do it at the point of the magazine."

"And why not?"

"Because the rock is seventy-five feet thick at that point."

"And suppose the magazine should explode?"

"In that case, every living soul in

ing been reduced to a single company, owing to the withdrawal of the Sixth United States infantry, and Troops A and F, which had been sent to Paducah. The arms, consisting of six thousand stands of carbines, five twelve-pounder guns, three Gatlings and four brass howitzers, with about fifty thousand pounds of ammunition, had been loaded on the vessel at Leavenworth and started down the Missouri for St. Louis. Before she reached the Mississippi, Hendricks, apparently under orders, was looking for her, and captured her about two miles above Alton. He then started for Memphis with her in tow, having sent a dispatch at Alton, publicly announcing the victory of the United States gunboat. The consequence was, he was interfered with on his way down the river, but instead of going to Memphis, he ran into the bayou and unloaded all his plunder into the Laran.

Calico had this news verified before his eyes. He had only to go into one of the little stations in the Laran southeast of the rotunda to find evidences of the truth of what he had heard. He saw a strong guard at the magazine and a hundred men busily at work transporting the newly-arrived ammunition to the place. The wooden doors of the magazine stood open and he could see from across the rotunda that there was a dark hole stored to the stone ceiling with boxes and kegs. He watched the work with intense interest. The electric light in the rotunda threw black shadows here and there and, hidden by one of them, he scrutinized the place carefully through a pocket-glass that he had got from Miss Laport, and he noticed for the first time that there were iron tubes running down that part of the wall of the magazine that was exposed. They looked like drain pipes at a distance. He asked Laport about it and was informed carelessly that they were ventilating tubes put in to make a circulation of air and keep the place dry. "There are only two," said Laport,



"IN THAT CASE EVERY LIVING SOUL IN THE LARAN WOULD BE KILLED."

the Laran on this side of the magazine, would be killed."

Calico was listening eagerly, but he did not clearly understand, so the old man glibly explained.

"If by any accident," he said, "the powder is exploded there the magazine will simply go off like an enormous stone cannon, whose mouth points to the northeast passages. Can you not see that the sudden concussion and compression of the air in the confined spaces, reaching to the last wall of the arena, will kill every thing by shock? The whole force must expend itself in what is really an enormous pneumatic tube. Hendricks is a wonderful man in dealing with events, but he makes some singular mistakes in dealing with physics."

CHAPTER XXI.

This information, disappointing as it was, produced a marked change in Calico. His nervous anxiety gave place to a grim look of concentration and he grew visibly paler every day. The intelligence that he received in three days, through Miss Endicott, amazed and excited him in spite of his self-control. He learned that Hendricks had captured the gunboat. He had to get at the facts of the case from separate information and from Hendricks' orders, but he learned enough in the boat had been led into negligence by not finding a human soul in the vicinity, and a force of his men had been surrounded and captured in the wood, and a party sent to their relief had been overwhelmed. It was a dark night and two large attacking forces from opposite sides of the river had surprised the boat and, after a desperate fight, taken possession of her. Hendricks had then gone aboard; dressed his own men in the uniform of the soldiers, and finding the books and papers of the commanding officer, had got a knowledge of his orders. The captured crew were sent to the Laran and the gunboat had gone up the Mississippi with her flag flying, apparently under government orders. This was on the night of 8th of August. On the 7th, the government stores at Leavenworth were seized by an armed force, the troops at that place hav-

"and they open into the rotunda about six feet above the railroad track. I put them in myself and I ought to go and see that the men who are working there do not disturb them."

"I will go with you," said Calico. The next day Stocking met Calico and said abruptly in his impulsive way: "See here, my old friend, it is idiotic to let a coldness spring up between us at this time because we don't think alike."

"We do think alike," replied Calico, "and, allowing for differences of temperament, we suffer alike."

The two men sat down on the bench in front of their quarters. Nearly everybody was in the rotunda or south of it. Save the men stationed as a guard at the portal and the workmen in the machine shop there was nobody to be seen. The railway tracks were all at the other end of the Laran. Hendricks and his captains had their headquarters half a mile away.

"Have you anything to tell me?" asked Stocking, despondingly. "I shall lose my reason in this place in another week."

"I have been waiting for some time to tell you a great deal," replied Calico, "but I was afraid of your impetuosity and indiscretion."

"They are dying out of me," said Stocking, ruefully. "I feel like a man in a trance. If I do not get out of this tomb, I shall perish of general paralysis."

"I propose to get you out," remarked Calico, calmly.

Stocking smiled somewhat grimly. "I suppose the same conditions are breaking down your mind also," said he. "Go on—insanity is at least a diversion."

"The conditions have not disturbed, they have only concentrated my faculties," replied Calico, "and circumstances have aided me in an almost supernatural manner. I have been able to penetrate Hendricks' designs beyond this stronghold. You will see that this is not a diseased fancy when I explain to you. In the first place he has a wire under ground to some other rendezvous that is in communication with the world. Mrs. Hendricks and Fenning are at that place, wherever it

is." But the important thing is that I have been able to read their dispatches."

"Have you, indeed?" remarked Stocking. "Hendricks has taken you into his full confidence, then."

"No. But you forget Miss Endicott. And you depend upon her ravings."

"Not at all. Events have corroborated her day by day."

"What have you learned?"

"This: that Hendricks' co-conspirators have an army scattered through the country ready to be massed at any moment. It is directed from this safe retreat; a campaign of destruction is going on. It is sweeping into its vortex all the mad elements of our times, and the conceiving brain of it is hidden away safely: the victimized world cannot imagine, much less accept as a fact, the prodigious audacity upon which the whole scheme is built, and will not accept the consummate and incredible machinery of which we are witnesses. Hendricks has captured a United States gunboat off the bayou because the commander of the boat could not get it into his head that a sufficient force was organized to drop upon him from both sides of the river. The government arsenal at Leavenworth has been robbed because the government would not believe that there was a force sufficient to take that place. There is at this moment a large body of United States troops concentrating in Tipton county, but the move has been foreseen and calculated by Hendricks, and it takes place as if he were directing it. These men will be annihilated over our heads and we shall not hear a sound."

"Yes," said Stocking, with more bitterness than amazement, "he is present and invincible—in your mind."

"On the contrary," replied Calico, "he is human, fallible and vulnerable. It has cost me many sleepless nights to find it out, but I have found it out, and with that knowledge I will free you and Miss Franklin if you will follow my directions unquestioningly."

"I am afraid," said Stocking, who was regarding him with something like pity, "that you have worked yourself into a morbid condition of mind. If your scheme were reasonable, why not appeal to my reason instead of my faith?"

"Because," replied Calico, "it is reason which is working all this mischief, and faith alone can circumvent it. I don't want to argue that with you now. I want your cooperation to demonstrate it, and, believe me, when it is demonstrated you will be the first to acknowledge its truth and efficacy. One other point—this man Fenning intends, with Hendricks' assistance, to get possession of Miss Franklin. They are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to send her away. At any moment she may disappear forever so far as you and I are concerned. She is breaking down with the apprehension. To save her, at least, I count upon your faith. If it were merely a matter of bravery, I would not have to ask you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOOD PREACHING.

A Little Feathered and His Rough But Attentive Congregation.

A young man who went out from England to Australia as a gold-digger, made some money, and finally established a rough shop at a place called "The Ovens," a noted gold-field about two hundred miles from Melbourne. Then he wrote home asking his parents to come out to him, and to bring with them, if possible, a lark. The father died on the voyage, but the old mother and the lark arrived safely in Melbourne, and were sent on to the store at "The Ovens."

The next morning the lark was hung outside the rough hut, and at once began to sing. The effect was wonderful. Sturdy diggers paused in their work to listen; many curses from drunken lips were silenced by the little singer in his cage. Far and near the news of the "real English skylark up at Wilsted's store" spread like lightning among the diggers.

When Sunday morning came there was a sight such as had not been seen since the first spade of the golden earth was turned. From every quarter, from hills and creeks twenty miles away, came a steady stream of rough, brawny Englishmen, brushed and washed, to look as decent as possible. There had been no pre-arrangement, as was plain from the half ashamed expression on every man's face as he saw his acquaintances. But they had all come on the same errand—to hear the lark.

They were not disappointed, for the little minister plumed his crest, and lifting up his voice sang them a sermon from his cage which touched the heart of every man in his congregation. After an hour's steady preaching the lark ceased, and his audience, which had been absolutely quiet and attentive during the sermon, slowly dispersed and departed.

"I say, Joe," one digger was overheard asking, "do you think Wilsted would sell him—the bird, you know? I'll give as much gold-dust for him as he weighs, and think him cheap."

"Sell him! Not he!" was the answer, with great indignation. "How would you like a fellow to come to our village at home, and make a bid for our parson?"—Youth's Companion.

Not In It.

Son—Pa, what political party did Washington belong to?
Father—Neither; he couldn't tell a lie.—Detroit Free Press.



HOW CYCLONES FORM.

Lieut. Eliott Throws Some Light on a Subject with Which But Few Are Familiar.

Lieut. John M. Eliott, U. S. N., contributes to St. Nicholas an article on "The Cradle of Cyclones." Lieut. Eliott says:

"To get an idea of a cyclone's formation, imagine a large circular pan or tub with quite a large hole in the middle of its bottom. With this hole plugged, fill the vessel with water; then draw out the plug and watch. There is first a rush of water from all directions toward the hole and a turbulent effort to get through. Then the water surface above begins to sink and swirl, the particles gradually circling around and around and rushing, ever faster, toward the center. At last there is actually a hollow space through the center, around which all the water in the tub is whirling, sluggishly near the rim, but with more and more violent rapidity towards the middle, until it rushes downward through the bottom. Now, if that water were air, you would be watching a little cyclone turned upside down, for the air rushes upward instead of downward."

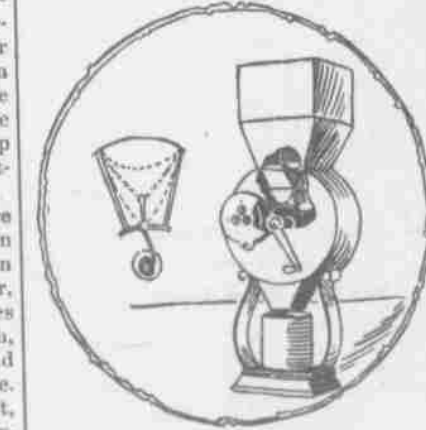
"In the cradle of cyclones during the summer months, when the land and the water grow hotter and hotter because of the longer days than nights, a layer of air, hot, light and full of vapor, is for a time held down by a denser air above it. Restless, expanding, tumultuous, it moves about like a beast at bay until a thinner place in the air above is found. Then up it madly rushes, and into the vacuum left behind the lower atmosphere hastens from all directions, pushing and twisting and pouring until it has fallen into a regular spinning around a common center. The cyclone, once formed, rushes away from the tropics and sinks the luckless ships which happen to be in its path. More and more of the surrounding atmosphere is drawn into the whirl, until the storm often covers an area nearly a thousand miles in diameter. Sometimes it flings itself upon our Atlantic coast and tears fiercely through forests, fields and cities. Then again it sweeps away across the broad ocean and dashes itself upon the coasts of Europe. Once in awhile it so adroitly avoids the land that we never know it has passed until ships come in torn and broken."

AUTOMATIC MACHINE.

It Weighs and Delivers of Its Own Accord All Kinds of Powdered or Granular Material.

An ingenious machine, designed to weigh and deliver automatically powdered, granular or similar material such as flour, sugar, coffee and the like, and at the same time to register the amount thus weighed, has been devised and patented by Prof. Shanker Bhise, of Bombay, India, says the Scientific American.

The machine comprises a suitably supported cylindrical casing, having a feed hopper adapted to receive the material to be weighed. The measurer is carried in the casing and consists



WEIGHS AND REGISTERS.

of a series of radially arranged receivers mounted on a suitably driven horizontal shaft. While the material is pouring into the uppermost receiver the lowermost receiver is discharging. Means are provided whereby differences of weight per cubic inch are compensated for. This is accomplished by providing each compartment with a false elastic bottom bent so as to enable it to be introduced in the receiver, which bottom, owing to its resilience, normally tends to rise and expand at its ends to reduce the size of the receiver. Each elastic bottom has a flexible strand or chain secured to its center and extending to a rotatable adjustable sleeve on the shaft. A rotatable movement of the sleeve thus adjusts the positions of all the bottoms simultaneously.

A registering mechanism is provided whereby the amount of material weighed may be quickly ascertained.

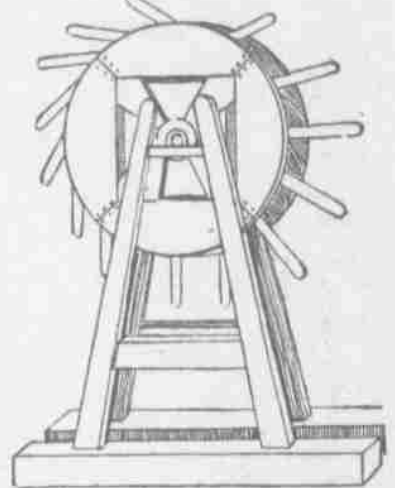
More than 200 municipalities in England, Scotland and Ireland now own the municipal gas works.

NEVER STOPS RUNNING.

The Latest Creation of the Perpetual Motion Crank Described and Illustrated.

For 23 years Samuel P. Fall, of East Lebanon, Me., has lived the life of a hermit and for more than 40 years has been most untiring in his efforts to solve the problem of perpetual motion.

His latest device of perpetual motion has a large pulley set in a standard. To the outer surface of the pulley are attached a number of tubes containing quicksilver, which acts as a floating weight in each tube. As the pulley revolves a system of mechanism



WITH THE AID OF GRAVITY.

holds the tubes extended on one side, while they rise on the other side, the same mechanism allowing them to unlock automatically and hang pendant. Mr. Fall's idea being that the tubes present less resistance when hanging pendant than when extended.

As the tubes pass the apex of the pulley the quicksilver flows quickly down the inclining tubes, constantly adding to their weight as they go. Mr. Fall believes that if he can succeed in governing the weight accurately he will be able to overcome the dead-center. The other idea that he describes is what he terms a double cross, the arms imparting motion by means of weights, the whole governed by the central portion above the arms. This he believes is certain to prove a success as soon as he is able to overcome the dead-center.

INFECTION BY BREATH.

A Simple Illustration Showing How Easily Disease Germs May Be Disseminated.

In order to impress on us how easily infection may often be disseminated by the breath, a writer in The Hospital (London) bids us watch the course of the smoke expelled from the mouth of one who is enjoying a cigar. He says: "The fumes do but make visible what is happening all the day whether we smoke or not. Each of the tiny particles of carbon or condensed vapor, which in their millions make up a wreath of smoke, does but indicate the track taken by a corresponding particle of expired air, which, if it can carry the visible carbon, can still more easily carry the invisible microbe. Thus a whiff of smoke entering our nostrils and penetrating our lungs does but show the course which might be taken just as easily by a swarm of microbes, and serves to demonstrate one at least of the ways in which a crowded life passed in close community with our fellows leads to mischief. The passage of a whiff of smoke from mouth to mouth does, in fact, but illustrate the mode in which the well-recognized evils of rebreathing expired air are produced. It is not the air, but what the air carries with it, that does the harm. What is illustrated by tobacco smoke is sometimes proved in another way. In the bright sunbeams notes are said to dance, and by careful watching one may see not only how numerous these notes are, but of what nasty stuff they are not infrequently composed. The wheezy flower seller coughing over his tray of violets, the loud-voiced hawk shouting over his barrow of strawberries, the sniffling child sneezing at the street corner, the panting person who will shake out his handkerchief in the 'bus before using it, even polite people talking to each other, are all doing things which on a dull day seem innocuous enough. Let the sun shine, however, and the tell-tale sunbeams soon display the showers of saliva and the crowds of the air and can almost be traced from mouth to mouth. This is cathetically abominable, but in the vast majority of cases probably does no harm. Here and there, however, these particles come from people who are diseased, and carry disease to those who are healthy. The rebreathing of expired air is certainly one cause of disease, especially to those who live in towns and in close dwellings; and how real is the risk, and how readily the passage of solid particles from man to man and from mouth to mouth is accomplished, is made manifest every time a whiff of tobacco makes us cough."

Old, But No Joke.

"That's a very old joke about the scarcity of men at the summer resorts."

"It may be old, but it's no joke."—N. Y. Truth.